

Quote

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NO. 11



"There isn't enough money in the world adequately to pay a man for leaving home, family and prospects to go out in defense of his country, at risk of life and health. To try to win men over to that kind of sacrifice, with a lousy \$21 a month, figuring they would not do it otherwise, is an insult. . . Military service stands apart. . . It is not a service to be paid for. It is payment of a debt incurred in the enjoyment of security thruout years of peace." — General HUGH S. JOHNSON.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

Within the fortnight, the United States has streamlined both the Army and the Navy; dispatched an industrial commission to India to reorganize and accelerate the vast production potentials of that great area. Fast upon these developments, England is sending Sir Stafford Cripps to India with what we may inferentially assume are sweeping powers to adjust political differences and liberalize the Indian status within the sheltering wing of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Does all this add up to early offensive action?

No; not in the generally accepted sense of the term, and certainly not in the Pacific. We are still months away from anything approaching a real offensive. All talk to the contrary is simply talk. The best we can hope for is a holding action, but this action should, and doubtless will strengthen with the force of new reserves. Our action may at times even take on an offensive aspect, but it is and will remain for an uncomfortably long time basically defensive.

In the West, we do think there is a possibility, perhaps even a probability of offensive action late in the Spring and early Summer. Not a genuine offensive campaign, mind, but something in the nature of a diversion, to relieve pressure on Russia at a critical hour. The British may land forces at one point, or more likely at several points on the Continent, in the spirit of a sacrifice play.

WHAT NEXT, JAPAN?—Nipponese are already making tentative thrusts at Australia. It seems clear now they will attempt to take Darwin, largely as a protective measure, to immobilize allied forces in the southern part of the Continent, and to prevent allied use of a potentially dangerous port. If Japan is willing to pay the price—it should be terrific—she may well succeed. But Darwin is not going to be an easy point to hold or protect if United Nations remain in force on remainder of Australia.

We fully expect Japan to make a northern move—soon. Yes, probably before any serious effort to subdue Indian hordes. This move will come suddenly, almost simultaneously, upon Vladivostok and the Kamchatka peninsula, in Siberia; our own Aleutain Islands off Alaska, and very probably the Alaskan mainland as well. It may even include Hawaii, though that will depend a good deal upon the strength of our forces there (a point upon which Japanese warlords are doubtless better informed than are lay Americans).

INDIAN INDEPENDENCE: We pointed out recently that Britain can doubtless enroll all the Indian soldiers she is prepared to equip, regardless of political aspects, but to be fully advantaged by India's vast resources, something approaching national unity is essential. This is the object of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission. The problem isn't simple; there are many thorny angles.

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prophecies . . .

IRELAND-ICELAND: Danger of attack in these areas, which we have often pointed out, is still imminent. In the case of Ireland, there is further danger that continued landing of AEF may stir Nazi-inspired civil war, affording another opportunity for German "protection."

BRAZIL: Continued sinking of Brazilian merchantmen by U-boats is bringing that country dangerously close to open hostilities. Situation further riled by accusations that Japan is mistreating Brazilian diplomats. We look for early declaration of war against the Axis.

FINLAND: Our information is that peace party grows much stronger. There are obstacles to formal peace, but informal armistice may be negotiated with Russia.

But Sir Stafford, who volunteered, is probably the best man in Britain to effect a satisfactory solution. We must face the fact that white man's day of domination in Asia is at twilight. Essentially the question: shall it be modified self-rule—or Jap rule?

RAF FRENCH RAIDS: Our information, via Switzerland, is that French people (as distinct from gov't) are much displeased. They don't want to pay this price for liberation. We hinted this last week; now have confirmation. If raids are continued and widespread will most certainly result in throwing French openly to Axis. Britain must know this and may be willing to pay that price to reduce Axis war production.

RUSSIA: We are heartened but not deluded by Russia's aerial achievements. Germany continues to take terrific licking in efforts to relieve surrounded 16th Army via air. There were reports at mid-week of inferior Italian aircraft in evidence on Southern front, which some accept as indication of German air weakness. While we do not accept extreme theory that German air reserves are "greater than ever," it is obvious Nazis are holding back planes and pilots for a well-timed blitz.

. . . — *Explaining Java's fall, Harold Guard says, "The little Dutch boy's finger was too small to plug the dike."*

Harold Guard

Publisher.

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"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Let's stop thinking about what we'll do when the war is over and start thinking about what we are going to do now to prevent it from being all over for us."—DONALD M. NELSON.

"Hitler is finding it harder to run Europe than it was to over-run it."—RICHARD WILMER ROWAN. *Everybody's Weekly*.

"The movies are the only industry today producing for the War Dep't without any profit."—LT.-COL. DARRYL ZANUCK, motion picture producer, now in uniform.

"Swinging Beethoven is like trying to make a short story out of the Bible."—ERNST LEVY, Swiss pianist-composer.

"We have grown up a little bit since the last war, and I don't think anyone is going to say anything vicious about those innocent trees just because they came from Japan."—RUSSELL SCHNEIDER, Manager, Greater National Capital Committee, discussing the festival usually accompanying the blooming of Washington's Japanese cherry trees.

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teaches my hands to war, and, fingers to fight."—PVT. JOHN SINCLAIR, former minister, quoting Psalm 144, at the time of his enlistment in U. S. Marine Corps.

"If we could drop a thousand bombs tomorrow on the munitions factories of Tokio and Osaka, we would save the lives of 50,000 American soldiers and sailors."—SEN. ELBERT D. THOMAS, of Utah, a former missionary to Japan.

"May we
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you on that?"

"Like the British. American people are prone to consider war a game in which moral victories partially offset military defeats. Unfortunately, this war is not a game to be won on form, but a life and death struggle in which the victor takes all the spoils."—An Editorial in *Dayton (Ohio) Herald*.

"He admired my figure in English, and wanted to prove it in Braille."—HELEN PARRIS, actress, referring to a Hollywood escort.

"So far as I know, Jesus is the only man who ever wept over a city and over a nation. Characteristically, the rest of us do our weeping after the crash has come."—DR. HOWARD A. VERNON, President, Chicago Church Federation.

"The world will turn to matriarchy to save it from the horrors of man-made wars, but I don't think we'll need any men's rights committees, headed by masculine Susan B. Anthonys for a while."—HELENA KUO, Chinese author now in U. S.

"Sure, I'd like to know what we're going to do; but it's okay by me. I ain't running the show."—PVT. GALEN THOMAS, a quoted member of the AEF in North Ireland.

"We are proud that it has fallen our lot to smash Hitler's war machine, but we by no means insist on exclusive rights." — MAXIM LITVINOV, Russian Ambassador to U. S., speaking before Overseas Press Club.

"The world today is strewn with the wrecks of democracies which tried to find their security in the past. We must find ours in the future."—R. M. EVANS, American Farm Bureau Federation.

"We bureaucrats, chained to desks in Washington, have too little opportunity to get out in the country and catch up on what people are feeling and thinking."—Price Administrator LEON HENDERSON.

"America has laid a procession of goose eggs across the country. Someday they'll hatch into the full realization that we are the greatest race of thumb twaddlers on earth."—THEODORE DREISER, Author.

"We now represent the largest and strongest bastion of liberal civilization. Into our unworthy hands a great banner has been thrust. We must hold it up, even though there may come times when it may seem as heavy as the cross of Calvary itself."—WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, *Harper's*.

"We Filipinos remember Japanese 'benevolence' down through the centuries. So we sharpen our knives."—MANUEL BUAKEN, Filipino writer.

"Be sure to choose a Texas girl when you marry. Then you'll know that whatever may happen, she's seen worse!"—CARL SANDBURG, advising a young bachelor friend.

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ADVICE—Ironical

Lt. Benjamin R. Gutov, Detroit physician now serving with the 102nd Medical Regiment, received a letter the other day in the form of a jigsaw puzzle. It was from Mrs. Gutov. After spending more than an hour piecing it together, the lieutenant read:

"Don't work too hard!"—*Illinois Medical Journal*.

AMERICANISM

Theodore Roosevelt once asked me whether my father had been born in America. "No, Colonel," I told him, "my dear father was born in Eger, Hungary, and did not come here until he was a man." "That is strange," said he, "he always seemed to me a native American."

"On the day after Lincoln's death," I told Colonel Roosevelt, "he and some friends at a German University were discussing America. One of them sighed and said, 'Some day I would like to go to that land of gold!' 'I,' said another, 'would like to go to the land of steel.' 'And I,' said a third, 'would like to go to the land of cotton.'"

"My father spoke up then. 'I want to live in the land of Lincoln!' Ten years later he came to America."

"Bully," cried Teddy Roosevelt. "I should say, Dr. Wise, that your father was a good American ten years before he came to this country!"—Dr. STEPHEN S. WISE, *I Am An American*, (Alliance, \$1.50).

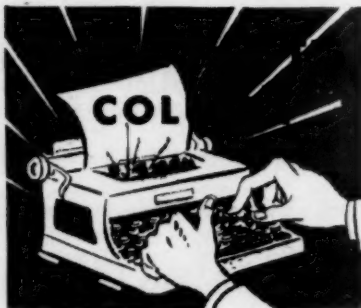
CENSORSHIP

There's hardly a more unlikely book to run afoul of censorship than *Mrs. Appleby's Year*, but collaterally it did so. . . . When it landed on the best-seller list, the author's son composed a telegram to her. . . . "Congratulations. Hope you outstrip Gypsy Rose Lee. . . ." (Author of *The G-String Murder*). The telegraph office refused to send it—suggested "surpass" instead of "outstrip."—"Turns with a Bookworm."—*New York Herald-Tribune*, 2-8-42.

DEFENSE—Sportsmen

Ever since Revolutionary days Americans have been handy with guns—which is one reason why Uncle Sam has never lost a war.

It is no comfort to the Germans, the Italians and the Japs to know—and they do know—that some 8,000,000 hunting licenses are issued to American men and women every year. When Axis war lords pore over U. S. maps, seeking likely invasion

**Labor Report**

By B. C. FORBES

Many draft boards, obeying orders from Washington, are recombining their lists and calling up young men formerly deferred, including married men.

These facts and figures are not calculated to inspire selectees with enthusiasm:

Last month 160 welders, engaged on vital war orders, quit work because a foreman used "bad language." Because one workman "slapped" another, 10,000 war workers went on strike.

During the short month of February, 76 war industry strikes occurred, contrasted with 43 in the previous month.

The "man-hours lost" rose from 661,976 in January to 2,028,824.

Expressed in percentages, points out National Association of Manufacturers, February strikes involved 357 per cent more war workers than in January and 206 per cent more hours were lost.

Had there been no strikes in war plants, the time "saved" would have been, theoretically, sufficient to build more than 2,000 dive bombers.

How are such ongoings likely to impress our choicest young manhood, commanded to serve their country, to risk their lives, for \$21 a month?

What is likely to be their reaction to the rejection by the House of Representatives of a bill suspending the present law enforcing payment of time and a half for all work beyond 40 hours a week, to say nothing of double time for Sundays and holidays even if no more than 40 hours be put in during one week?—Condensed from Mr. Forbes' Syndicated Column, *Business*.

points, they give almost as much attention to the nation's gun-toting sportsmen as they do to military forces. . . .

A careful check-up shows something like 10,000,000 rifles have been sold in U. S. to private owners in past 10 years. If only 25% are used regularly, it means there are between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 rifles quickly available for nat'l defense.—"One Reason We Are Good at Winning Wars," *American Weekly*, 3-1-42.

DICTATORS—Hitler

"The fact that Adolf Hitler has a Charlie Chaplin mustache is one of the most fateful facts of modern times." This sentence introduces the chapter entitled "The Failure" in Wallace R. Deuel's *People Under Hitler*. The author goes on to explain that Hitler's mustache was a symbol which had a great deal to do with the fact that the world, including anti-Nazi Germans, refused to take Hitler seriously—until it was too late.—HENRY C. WOLFE, reviewing Mr. Deuel's book in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 2-7-42

EDUCATION—And Propaganda

Dr. Frank Slutz showed the difference between propaganda and education. He annually conducts a camp for boys. One of the problems of the camp is the danger of poison ivy. So one of the first things that Dr. Slutz does is to call the boys together and have a guide show every boy just what poison ivy looks like. Then Dr. Slutz gives the warning that every boy, whether he believes he has been in contact with the poisonous plant or not, must wash with soap after every hike through the woods. Now, voiced Dr. Slutz, it is education when I am speaking of something that will benefit everyone foremost, but if I were a manufacturer of soap speaking, it would be propaganda, for I would be gaining the most benefit.—W. S. HOGEVOLL, "The Higher Voice," *The Pulpit Digest*, 3-42.

HUMOR—Preservation

Humor is not a weapon against war. Humor is one of the things war can kill, that could not survive in the world if it were under the domination of force and cruelty that now lies upon Europe. . . . In the world of today humor lives only with human kindness and human freedom. . . . We must keep our sense of humor till after the war.—STEPHEN LEACOCK, *My Remarkable Uncle* (Dodd, \$2.50).

INFORMATION

On a little service station away out on the edge of a western desert there hangs a shingle, bearing this strange legend: "Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything we wouldn't be here."—*Watchword*.

The Chosen People

I'm a middle-bracket person with a middle-bracket spouse
And we live together gaily in a middle-bracket house.
We've a fair-to-middling family;
we take the middle view;
So we're manna sent from heaven
to Internal Revenue.

Oh, we reimburse the dentist and
we meet the butcher bills.
We're the folks who keep the
temples up, along the templed
hills.

We are sturdy as to shoulder and
our collars all are white.
So the income tax department
keeps us forming to the right.
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, *The New Yorker*, 2-28-'42.

INGRATITUDE

When Sir Thomas Lipton started in the grocery business, he had only one assistant, a boy of fourteen, who was very poor. The lad was a good worker, and Lipton was fond of him.

The boy wore one suit of clothes so long that it became quite shabby, and Lipton took his own last sovereign to get the boy a new suit. The next day Jimmie did not show up. Lipton went to the lad's home and asked his mother why Jimmie had not appeared for work.

"Oh, sir," said the woman, "Jimmie looked so fine in his new suit that I thought I would send him out to look for a better job."—*The Kalends of the Waverly Press*, 2-'42.

LABOR—Domestic

Servants are paid for their time—their good-will can be bought only with appreciation.—*House & Garden*, 2-42.

MAN

Men are noisy creatures—they are newspaper-rattlers, and shower-bath singers, and door-bangers and snorers. And in the intervals between these uproars they say, "Can't we have a little quiet?" . . . It is a matter of pride with men to make trains with only a minute to spare; and this re-

Letters from a London Cook

Annie is a London cook. Her weekly "scratch" to "dear Madam" from the day war is declared until October two years later, is the substance of Respectfully Yours, Annie, (Dutton, \$2.50). SYLVIA BROOKWAY ("dear Madam") introduces her indomitable cook, inserting an occasional comment on Annie's enlivening gossip. War came to England just 9 days before Mrs. B. and the two "Babies" were to return from a visit to the United States—just 2 days after Mr. B., preceding them, had arrived back in London. So Annie, steadfastly guarding all that she can salvage of pre-war England, reigns over a broken household; keeps the home fires burning while supervising the health of air-raid warden Mr. B. as he guards against the kind of home fires Hitler lights. Now,—the unquenchable Annie:

Sunday Sept. 3rd, 1939

(The day War was declared)

Dear Madam,

. . . Well this is a nice little kettle of fish but I hope and pray it will soon finish. It was a blessing Mr. C. (Chamberlain) got busy and kept it off so long for we are prepared (We, you note, being Annie and Mr. B., not the Empire). We have our windows papered up & a nice trench dug. . . .

" "

23rd March, 1941

. . . Everything is still O. K. here. Mr. B.'s cold is better. I see he has his malt regular & I think it has

minds me that their watches are always right, no matter what. If a man's own watch says 12:13 and a four-sided clock on a sky-piercing tower says 12:21, then the clock in the tower is wrong, and the authorities ought to be notified.—KATHARINE BRUSH, "The Trouble with men is . . .," *Cosmopolitan*, 3-'42.

NAVY—Japanese

At the time when Commodore Perry knocked at Japan's door with his "black ships," there was not a Japanese warship of any consequence. Japanese, under the old policy of national seclusion, were forbidden on pain of death to build boats large enough to leave the islands. Within two generations, Japan had built up the third strongest navy and the third largest merchant marine in the world.—WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, "Who Are These Japanese?" *The American Mercury*, 2-'42.

done him good. It takes a bit of scratching these days to feed people but we always manage to get enough but the ½ lb. of jam or marmalade each month is amusing. It's a good job I made a bit myself, else the boys would be very short. We had a lovely Blitz the other night. (On the night which Annie cheerfully refers the Jerrys bombed London for six hours in the heaviest raid of the year.) Thank God, Mr. B. wasn't at Stratford that night!

" "

August 9th, 1941

. . . Mrs. Strong rang up tonight. She asked to be remembered to you. . . . I told her it will soon be finished now & we shall have the flags flying. I am glad the Russians have started at Berlin. I am getting another party up for Mr. B.'s birthday. I don't expect I shall find any candles this year nor crackers so we must do something else. I was thinking of going out for the day tomorrow & leaving Mr. Percy to get his lunch at the post but I thought perhaps I had better not. I'll wait till this war is finished. Then I'll make whoopee if I am spared. I'll go mad for a bit. We all shall when it don't take all day to do your shopping & have to dodge corners to see what is going & what is hidden up under the counters for a few of their special ones. My love & best wishes to my Babies & all the best to you.

Respectfully Yrs.

Annie

NEIGHBORS

In the very center of the vast George Vanderbilt estate near Asheville an old Negro owned a tiny plot of land which no money could buy. Within sight of the palatial Vanderbilt mansion he sat on his small veranda, contentedly surveying his own domain. Every possible inducement was offered the man to sell his land and move, but to every tender he invariably made the same reply:

"Now look here, sah," he would explain, as he leaned back in his old rocker, "all my life I've been bothered with bad neighbors. Dey comes home 'toxicated and smashes my fence and steals my bacon. Now Colonel George here treats me square. He leaves my bacon alone. Now I've got a good neighbor, I've going to stick to him."—*The Christian Science Monitor*, 2-16-'42.

News of the New

AVIATION: Stills for converting sea water into drinking water are becoming standard equipment on collapsible lifeboats of transatlantic planes. Operate on solidified fuel which can also be used for cooking. Airlines employing this device must take out regular N. Y. State distiller's license.

" "

DEFENSE—Materials: Use of silver in U. S. last year doubled 1940, previous peak. Defense industries largely responsible. Silver and its alloys now helping to build battleships, bombs, guns, shells, tanks, torpedoes, trucks and airplanes. Chief industrial use today is silver solder. Joins metal so firmly that joint is actually stronger than original metal. U. S., unlike Europe and Japan, has ample silver stores.

" "

ERSATZ PRODUCTS: Substitute for vanishing rubber band is strip of ribbon with small ring at end. After ribbon is slipped around package, ring is moved up until it holds taut. Where rubber band has limited use, ribbon should last indefinitely.

" "

FOOD—Concentrates: Britain's flower gardens are helping to alleviate vitamin loss from shortage of fruits. Fruit of roses has been found rich source of vitamin C. Can be removed and made available by special processing.

" "

INVENTION: With a carload of blueprints required for every battleship constructed, new, speedier method of developing paper was imperative. Special type of ultraviolet lamp has recently been developed. Rays of higher intensity affect treated paper more quickly, thus increase output.

" "

MEDICINE: Whole populations soon may be protected against tooth decay by treating common drinking water supplies with chemicals. Dental authorities have demonstrated use of fluoride in water will reduce dental cavities. U. S. Public Health Service now testing to determine effect on human body generally. Fluoride is powerful stuff. In free state (fluorine) it eats through glass.

Experiments on dogs has led Dr. Herman Becks, U. of Calif., to conclude that indiscriminate use, or overdosage of concentrated Vitamin D may represent a "potential danger of permanent harm" to humans.

PARENT-CHILDREN RELATIONS

A young student of child behavior frequently delivered a lecture called "Ten Commandments for Parents." He married and became a father. The title of the lecture was altered to "Ten Hints for Parents." Another child arrived. The lecture became "Some Suggestions for Parents." A third child was born. The lecturer—so the story goes—stopped lecturing.—*The Journal of Education*, 2-42.

PRECAUTION

Lady Cripps (wife of Sir Stafford Cripps, former English ambassador to Russia) once told me how she had ended a cable to her husband with the message "Regards to Joe," and then, afraid that the Ambassador might think that she referred to Stalin, she revised it to read, "Regards to Joe Airedale."—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, "A Photographer in Moscow," *Harper's*, 3-42.

RADIO—Propaganda

The Axis nations have a law inflicting heavy penalties, sometimes death, for listening to foreign broadcasts. They are afraid. This country should have a law requiring citizens to listen to the Axis broadcasts. Nothing could better preserve for us that equilibrium of national good humor and amusement—and at the same time make us want to fight.—PAUL MALLON, in his *Syndicated Column*.

RELIGION—And Food

A student for the ministry wrote the following after an experience with a certain church. "Behold! . . . The club clubbeth together and they eat. The businessmen take counsel and they eat. And even when the missionary society meeteth together they eat. But this latter is in good cause, because they 'eat in remembrance' of the poor heathen who hath not to eat. Behold! Hath man's brains gone to his stomach and doth he no longer regard intellectual dainties that thou canst no longer call an assembly or get together even a 'bakers' dozen' except thou hold up the baker's dainties as a bait? Be it true, that the day cometh that to get a crowd at prayer meeting the preacher must hold up a biscuit? Even as one calleth unto the child and saith, 'Come hither, sweet little one, and I will give thee a stick of candy,' so must thou say to his grown-up papa and mama, 'Assemble ye together and we will serve refreshments.' And lo, they come like sheep into a pen. Selah."—*Moody Monthly*.



The name *Vladivostok*, Russia's strong Siberian harbor city, means "Rule the East!" But then, ironically, *Rangoon* means "End of War."

Pontiac, Michigan, leads nation in staggered schedule to relieve transportation jams. Stores open at 10 a. m., close 6 p. m. Factory shifts start at 6, 7, 8; schools at 9 a. m., . . . Rike-Kumler, Dayton dept. store, now opens at 12:15 Mondays, remains open until 8:45 p. m. for convenience of defense workers. Other stores thruout country plan similar schedule. Many big New York stores now open evenings. . . Retailers are starting campaign to chagrin "Indian buyers"—those who habitually return purchases for credit.

Big national conventions will be largely displaced by regional meetings for the duration: tire rationing; limited transportation and hotel facilities. . . Health Commissioners ask prospective parents to agree on alternate masculine and feminine names for the infants before birth, as indirect aid to nat'l defense. When birth certificates are filed without this data extra handling is required to complete records.

Cecil B. DeMille is still blushing. At recent Academy Award banquet he referred to Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Hu Shih, as "the Japanese ambassador."

An unknown wag in Chicago is having great sport sending letters to stalwart citizens, from a fictitious Temperance Union, offering each a position to pose as a horrible example of the ravage of drink. . . Many folk of the ilk which Horsethief Burke was wont to describe as "rich millionaires" are planning this year, for the first time, to pay Federal income tax in four installments, as permitted by law. . . Filling stations, deprived of tire profits and threatened with gasoline rationing, face another blow in curtailment of carbonated beverages, an important source of revenue to many.

War ushers a new era in Pullman car names. First to be known as *Wake Island*.

RUDENESS

There is a story told by Dr. Sandor Ferenczi, the psychoanalyst, about a Hungarian aristocrat who, while devouring a quick lunch between trains, was recognized by a boorish acquaintance.

"My dear Count! How are you?"

"Umph."

"And how is the Countess?"

"Dead."

"How shocking! It must be terrible for your daughter."

"She's dead."

"But your son—"

"Dead! Everybody's dead when I'm eating!"—CLIFFTON FADIMAN, in his introduction to *Reading I've Liked*. (Simon and Schuster, \$3).

SCIENTISTS

One day the telephone rang in the home of Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the famous physicist, and Mrs. Millikan went to answer it. As she approached the telephone, she found that the colored maid had preceded her and was in the act of taking the call. Pausing to listen, she heard the maid say, "Yes, ma'am, this is where Dr. Millikan lives, but he ain't the kind of doctor that does anybody any good"—G. LYNN SUMNER. *We Have With Us Tonight*, (Harper, \$1.75).

TACTLESSNESS

Last week T. V. Soong, head of the Bank of China and brother-in-law of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, called on Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to discuss the gloomy situation in the Western Pacific.

In an effort to cheer up the Chinese statesman, Knox patted him on the back and said:

"That's all right, T. V., we'll lick those yellow devils yet."

As a faint look of surprise flowed over the bland features of his caller, Knox flushed fiery red.—*Chicago Daily Tribune*, 3-4-'42.

UNITY—In Wartime

Captain Joseph Haskell, aide to Major-General Richard in the 1941 Louisiana war games, told of a conversation with an old man to whose farm he went for some local information during the maneuvers: "You think we'll get into this war?" the old man asked. When Captain Haskell wasn't sure, the Southerner added: "Well, if we do, I'm wondering if them Yankees is goin' ter he'p us."—JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, "The Fighting South," *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Winter-'42.

American Scene

Our "Soft" Youth

By WHITNEY MARTIN

Our younger generation certainly has gone to pot, hasn't it? All the lads and lassies could do last weekend in an athletic way was:

- (1) Break four records in the National A. A. U. indoor track and field meet.
- (2) Set an American ski jumping record.
- (3) Better the American mark for the women's 220-yard backstroke swim.

Naturally, the old timers will greet these evidences of agility with the calm disbelief of the guy who looked at a giraffe the first time and declared emphatically: "There ain't no such animal." No amount of proof as provided by yardsticks and watches will convince the diehards that the athletes of earlier generations weren't superior in every way to our modern crop.

They might have arguments in some instances, particularly in track and field in which improved track conditions and equipment must be taken into consideration, but there are other events in which the athletes of another year had the same advantages as those of today.

Take Gloria Callen's new record of 2:37 for the 220-yard backstroke, for instance. As far as is known, water always has been just as wet and no

wetter than it is now. As for Torger Tokle's ski leap of 289 feet, he was riding a pair of glorified bed slats the same as ski jumpers have been riding for generations.

A couple of weeks ago, Cornelius Warmerdam pole-vaulted higher than any man had vaulted before. The only advantage Warmerdam might have had over the vaulters of years ago would be in the pole, and they have had good, stout, light vaulting poles for years and years.

In almost every athletic event where comparison of performance from year to year is possible by timing or measuring, the athletes of today do a little better than hold their own. It's only in the sports where no yardstick is available that the performances of the old-timers balloon until they are of Paul Bunyan proportions.

Sports such as football and basketball and prize fighting. That's why you can't argue with a gent who is walking around in the present and living 40 years in the past when he maintains that John L. Sullivan could have knocked out Joe Louis in one round or that Fielding Yost's point-a-minute Michigan football team could have spotted any present-day eleven six touchdowns and beaten it by 50 points.

It's just like arguing how high is up. There just isn't any answer.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

WAR—Errors

A group of new pilots were addressed by a colonel who had spent much time observing the R.A.F. "Our aim," said the colonel, "should be to profit by British mistakes by not making them. If this is asking too much of ourselves, let me suggest that we commit the same errors with equal vigor and dignity. But we must not make the additional mistake of falling hopelessly in love with bad practice and being unable to resist the alluring wench."—*Collier's*, 2-28-'42.

WAR—Physical Fitness

The draft boards have turned down some of our best soldier material because the men had to wear store teeth. I've hunted alongside fellows

with store teeth that could walk 30 miles like nothing and bust the head off a turkey at 60 yards. Washington had store teeth, and what's more they didn't fit. But he did pretty good considering.—Sergt. ALVIN YORK, in his Syndicated Column.

WAR—Secrecy

An elderly lady accosted a sailor on a San Francisco dock:

"Young man, what is the name of that ship out there?"

"I don't know ma'am," the sailor said politely.

"And what ship are you from?" the lady asked.

"That one," the sailor said.—ERNE PYLE, in his Syndicated Column.

GENS FROM Yesteryear

Ether and Me

By WILL ROGERS

WILL ROGERS was one of those universally known and loved citizens of whom it would be banal to say "he needs no introduction." He was indisputably our leading political and social satirist. But he was more even than that. He was an American institution, and as such will endure long beyond our day. This brief excerpt is from Mr. Rogers' book of the same title, published by Putnam's in 1929. WILL ROGERS was born in Oologah, Oklahoma, November 4, 1879, and as everyone knows, he was killed in an airplane crash, with Wiley Post, on August 15, 1935.

You know, in the operating room they have a little balcony where you can go and see operations. That must be loads of fun for people with a wonderfully well developed sense of humor. Well, I looked up, and there was nobody up there. That kind of hurt my pride. I thought, "This is the poorest business I ever did in my life."

Before I went in I didn't know what might happen to me, so I said, "Well, I've got a lot of laughs in my lifetime and I want to pass out with one." So I thought all night of a good joke; and just before they operated, I was going to pull this joke and then they would all laugh hilariously and say, "Well, old Will wasn't so bad at that."

So I got ready to pull the joke, and there was one fellow standing behind me—he's the fellow you can't see that's going to knock you out; he's the fellow that's got a jar of ether in his hand—well, I was all ready to set the world laughing uproariously when this old boy just gently slipped that nozzle right over my mouth and nose both.

I wanted to tell him, "Just a minute!" And I started to reach up and snatch it off, and a couple of men who had enlisted as internes, but who in reality were wrestlers on vacation, had me by each hand. Out I went, and from that day to this I have never been able to think of that joke. It was the best one I ever had.

I don't know what they operated on me for, but they certainly took out that joke.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

On a wet afternoon recently, a 4-year-old girl at Huddersfield was forbidden by her mother to go out collecting waste paper from neighbors. It was much too wet, her mother said.

The little girl fixed her parent with a stern eye, and demanded:

"Do you want to win this war or don't you?"—*Yorkshire Post*, Leeds Eng.

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

GEORGE SELDES

Author and Journalist

Four of us, members of the press section of the American Army in France, started out for Hindenberg's headquarters the day Armistice was declared. Arriving finally, we were ushered into the anteroom of the Kaiser's castle where an aide-de-camp took us upstairs. There a squat, scutish man in regulation general's uniform with an additional white cloth wrapped around his head received us.

"General Groener," he said to each, snapping his feet.

We shook hands.

"The general hasn't been wounded?" queried our spokesman.

"No," he smiled, "but I have a terrible headache."

Our spokesman interpreted. "He has a terrible headache."

"He should have," whispered the roughneck among us. "He has just lost a World War."

"We got peach and apple pie" said the waitress.

The patron ordered apple. Later he called the waitress in high dudgeon. "Say, what kind of pie did you bring me?"

"What does it taste like?" inquired the waitress cautiously.

"Tastes like glue" opined the patron.

"Then it must be apple. Our peach pie tastes like putty."

" "

Maxie Rosenbloom drove up with a flourish . . . and a bang! "A bomb!" screamed a pedestrian.

"No. Worse luck," moaned Maxie. "My tire!"

The old gag about a restaurant customer mistaking a tail-coated guest for a waiter captain came to life in a new version the other evening at the St. Regis. True to tradition, the dressy fellow, who happened to be a noted coal operator, showed the erring party to the best table in the room, winking summoned assistants to his service and then rejoined his own party at an adjacent table. When the patron discovered his embarrassing mistake he asked the impersonator of the maitre d'hotel if he wouldn't have a bottle of wine with him after dinner, and the coal operator-waiter sold him an important bill of goods, a coal contract for two years for a large industrial plant, over the champagne.—LUCIUS BEEBE, in his *Syndicated New York Letter*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

Tip to Insurance Salesmen: There are 531 more annuity and policy prospects in Washington than there were a month ago. Address Representatives and Senators at House and Senate Office Buildings.—*Detroit Free-Press*.

This ain't only a machine war; it's an adding machine war.—H. L. PHILLIPS.

An keyhole is a drip that got caught in the draft.—*Chonatic Field Wings*.

Next to having the door knock come off in the hand, the simplest feeling is leaning on moral support when you need gum.—*Samuel SOAPER*.

Never marry a man, I said to you; you may find he's not worth a darn.

A modern daughter of Eve was listening impatiently to a long lecture from her grandmother.

"It's all very well to find fault with my clothes, Grandma," protested the girl finally, "but didn't you ever set your cap for a young man?"

"Well," said Grandma haughtily, "never my kneecap anyway."—*Capper's Weekly*.

